

Daily Eagle

H. H. HITCHCOCK, Editor.

"My Troops" in the Transvaal.

Some of the Boer sympathizers in this country were hopeful enough to believe that King Edward VII would distinguish himself by declaring his purpose to parliament, of ending the Boer war by withdrawing the British army.

The hope was ridiculous of course. There is reason to believe that the war was brought on in spite of his mother, Queen Victoria, and that it would be continued if Edward wished otherwise. So his speech to parliament, in its context, offered no surprise. And while in its form, founded on doubt on the most ancient precedent, there was no element of the unusual, still the manner of expression must bring to every American mind, our old, undying antagonism to monarchy. The king said: "The war in South Africa is not yet entirely terminated, but the capital of the enemy and its principal lines of communication are in my possession, and measures have been taken which will, I trust, enable my troops to deal effectually with the forces by which they are still opposed."

It is interesting to note that the lines of communication are "in my possession" and that "my troops" may do something, but it is impossible to note that without thinking that the Boers on their part are making a lively show of keeping "our liberty" and preserving "our country."

In the difference of the possessives, there is a sermon. The jurgler of the one and mine remains over a country which does not need his guidance, and does not take it. In a nation as far advanced as England, monarchy is an ornament chiefly because it has precedent behind it, chiefly retained because of humanity's affection for the ease and safety in letting well enough alone. England has long outgrown monarchy. No lines of communication are in King Edward's possession, and he has no troops. The lines and the troops are England's. And his power and his throne are as empty of true meaning as his possessive pronouns.

England's government is excellent. It is a warm, well-fitting cloak, open to ridicule only at one point, in a tassel dragging behind in the shape of a reigning family, a tassel which adds neither to the warmth, the fit or the quality of the cloak, but which like the buttons on our coats in the back, for the purpose of holding up a sword-belt which we no longer wear, is there because the tailor put the tassel there, because the tailor for whom he served as apprentice put it there.

The Boers are seeking to have a government of their own, a government without the old and useless and unworkable tassel. They are seeking the new, the modern, the sensible form of government for an enlightened people. They received no encouragement in a change of sovereignty of the enemy's country; they expected no help from that source. They have only one hope; that old Christian De Wet will keep free on the veldt, with the determination of liberty in his heart; until such time as complications in some other part of the world make it necessary for "my troops" to be sent against a more powerful enemy, and for "my government" to come suddenly to the conclusion, in such event, that the Transvaal is not worth fighting for anyway.

Cause of the Trouble in Spain.

Rotten old Spain is threatening to fall to pieces again. Marshal law has been declared in Madrid, and General Weyler of Cuban fame, has been put in charge. The cause of popular discontent is given as the unpopularity of the marriage of the Infanta Mercedes, half-sister of the king, to Don Carlos, son of the Count de Caserta, which took place Thursday.

It is necessary to search deeper, however, for the real cause of the disturbance in Valencia, Barcelona, Madrid and many other cities of Spain, which outbreaks Senor Pi y Suñer, the federalist Republican leader, pronounced to be preludes to a revolution.

Poverty has always been the lot of the Spanish peasant, but the operation of vicious land laws, by comparison with which those of Ireland at their worst were benevolent, has reduced the agricultural population of Spain to a condition of misery so abject that even the consolation offered by their spiritual guides fails to bring comfort to these deeply religious people. The industrial population of Spain is a vast aggregation of revolutionary Socialists and anarchists. The manufacturers of Catalonia have been practically in revolt for several years past, and have been handed together in London to resist the payment of taxes. The mercantile community is only a few degrees less loyal than are the manufacturers' leagues. The civil service itself is in a state bordering on desperation, owing to chronic arrears in its salary pay.

Above the seething mass, and protected from the subversive fires of insurrection only by the army, live the royal court and the high functionaries of state. Deprived of their former means of recruiting bankrupt fortunes in the late Spanish bankruptcies, the royal family and the lesser lords of the army and navy of Spain have been compelled to recruit themselves as best they could out of diminishing domestic revenues. The breakdown of the earlier Carlos V, the pride of the Spanish navy, on her way to Corunna to take part in the funeral ceremonies of Queen Victoria, aroused a cry of anger all over Spain. The incident indicated that the money wrung from the Spanish people had found its way into capacious official pockets instead of being devoted to proper uses. Nothing is wanted except a common grievance to unite all the elements of discontent in Spain in a subversive movement that may purge the government of its politico-military parasites even if it shall not shake the throne. Whether the royal marriage will provide the discontented with the required alibi for the events of the next few days will probably show.

The Steel Companies' Combine.

The New York Financial Chronicle expresses the opinion that the combination between the steel companies will be carried out by the introduction of the community-of-ownership principle, which has applied so widely to railroad corporations. It doubts whether this idea can ever be used to advantage by trade corporations, as such an arrangement "would almost certainly invite public hostility. There would be no limit in its power to fix and enforce prices of the commodities which each one of these combinations controlled. If confined to a single case and managed wisely so as to disarm criticism, it might not excite such special attention as to lead to severe hostile action; but if applied to other classes of trade until it embraced a considerable portion of the industries which have assumed the corporate form it would become an avowed effort of such wide interest, that in case there was no law already existing to reach the situation one would inevitably be devised."

The Chicago Tribune also writes: "The growth of the community-of-ownership idea is of so recent a date that even a steel railroad it has not had time to demonstrate its value in preventing rate cutting in periods of low revenue. It has just to stand the test of a poor crop year or a reaction in general business. So far as the steel companies are concerned the danger to the trade of a competitive battle

between giant corporations made the leaders believe it was necessary to devise a scheme that might win the different interests together. German manufacturers are working off surplus stocks abroad at lower prices, which for the present takes the edge off of the protest for American dealers, thus restricting the export trade. With the increased capacity of the great companies for production the prospect of a trade war increased. Whether Mr. Morgan's efforts to present it will be entirely successful is of much interest to every consumer. Undoubtedly independent capital will be attracted to investment in the different branches of the industry. With each merger additional 'water' is turned into the capital stock of corporations, and when individual capitalists see the earnings which can be made on inflated capitalizations they will realize the possibilities of profits to be made by a company which has no water in its stock."

The Wonderful Growth of German Cities.

With the census returns from Berlin, Vienna and St. Petersburg as a basis for estimates, we have commented on the remarkable growth of the principal cities of Germany, the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and other parts of Europe, showing that the larger and more famous towns were, in some instances, keeping well abreast of the most prosperous cities in the United States. Fuller reports from the German census last December prove that the facts have exceeded sanguine expectations of urban progress. It is even demonstrated that in the past five years the cities of Germany have been showing a higher annual rate of increase than the cities of the American republic.

Our cities have made much of their growth through immigration. German cities have lost rather than gained by movements of population crossing national boundary lines. Germany has received some immigrants from countries like Poland, Italy and parts of Austria, but there has probably been a much greater loss by the emigration of Germans. Yet in the last five years the population of the thirty-two cities in the German empire which have more than 100,000 inhabitants has increased over 17 per cent, whereas in the ten years from 1890 to 1900 the rate of increase in the cities of the United States which were above the 100,000 limit was a shade under 12 per cent.

It is not possible to make entirely accurate comparisons between our cities and those of Germany for the past five years, the enumerations being made in every decade in this country and every half decade in Germany, but it is certain that the average rate of growth in American cities over the 10,000 mark for the last five years was less than 17 per cent. Aside from immigration it was probably not more than 10 per cent, at most.

These facts will astonish many Americans who have been accustomed that Europe, being old and well developed could not hope to compare in rapidity of growth with the cities of this young and vast country, receiving, as it does, a constant and imposing stream of immigration from many other lands. American readers will be still more surprised to learn that of all the thirty-two cities in this country, which have more than 100,000 inhabitants only one has equaled the annual rate of increase in the last five years shown by the three German cities of Nuremberg, Posen, and Stettin.

With one doubtful city cut out of the American list, for in the case of St. Joseph, Mo., the gain shown was so astonishing, running far beyond local estimates and all seeming possibilities, that the census bureau had back the returns for special examination, the highest rate of increase reported by any American city in the 100,000 class, except only Los Angeles, was 61.8 per cent for ten years, in Toledo. That was very fine progress, but in Nuremberg the gain has been 60.8 per cent in five years instead of ten, and in Posen 58.1 per cent in half the time that Chicago required for a growth of 54.4 per cent. Stettin made the handsome increase of 49.1 per cent in five years, or at the rate of more than 55 per cent in ten, while the suspiciously apparent gain of St. Joseph is placed at 52.3 per cent. Even Los Angeles, by wide annexations and a great boom in the California fruit trade, gained only 10.3 per cent in ten years, which is much less year by year, than the rate of increase in either Nuremberg or Posen.

In 1893 Nuremberg was about 100,000 below Buffalo in size, but in the five years from 1895 to 1900 the Bavarian city which was famous centuries ago added 95,317 to its population, against a gain of 16,723 in Buffalo in twice as long a period. Stettin is about the size of Louisville and Minneapolis, but in five years that German city gained 69,304 inhabitants compared with a total increase of about 45,000 in the two American cities taken together, in the same half of the decade covered by our latest census. Such comparisons might be multiplied to a great extent, and they could not make the amazing growth of the big towns of the German empire more wonderful.

Is Not an Old Story.

The New York World says: Nations, like individuals, have their limitations. Lord Roberts' story of how the transport and supply services broke down and everything failed in South Africa except the old dogged endurance of the British common soldier, shows that Britain is not now a great fighting power on land, any more than she was in the Crimea or at any previous time.

Exactly the same blunders of generals and the same collapse of the transport and commissariat services occurred in the war with Russia in 1853-55, and with the same disastrous results. The men of Lord Raglan's army died like flies for want of overcoats and other supplies, of which there was an abundance at hand, but no system for distributing it. And inaction there were continual blunders made by generals, who, like Buller and Warren and the rest ordered frontal attacks that were impossible and murderous. Balaklava, politically glorified as it is, was perhaps the most awful military mistake of the nineteenth century. It was a French marshal, who, watching the patient and stolid bravery with which the British ranks and file attempted to make the good the ghastly errors of their commanders, exclaimed: "It is an army of Bunsen led by asses." And the characterization fits the South African record just as well.

Bill of Germany said to Cambon, the French: "If anybody touches France, I'll protect her, old boy." And then Cambon jingled his keys in his pocket and said: "When France is attacked, Mr. Bill, France'll take care of herself." Sawdust that rose and let the light proceed.

After a hard fight Gomez succeeded in getting a provision in the Cuban constitution making him eligible for the presidency. Before the Cubans have been free a year they will be selecting stations to Weyler. They are a shabby lot, these Cubans.

It is a well known fact that men no longer drop to their knees in proposing and now it is said that men no longer propose to so many women. Spooner or later marriage will pass and it will be called "a community of interest."

Richard Gallienne, in a recent article says: "If a man must choose between a doll or the Minerva type of woman, he will be wise to marry neither."

The New Kansas City boys who have been arrested and found to carry \$750 in gold with them in all probability have a hot crowd coming.

That milk dealer in Chicago draped in a suit and bowtie and a Mother Hubbard dress the profound sympathy of Clifton at the Bath of Wichita.

No one is equal to a description of Carrie Nation. The pen which made Tostoff could handle her no other pen that ever appeared.

Mrs. Carrie Nation will eventually land on an art school somewhere. The pictures they think they are so happy.

When the people of Europe do finally overthrow their rulers, they will start the revolution off at a funeral.

A Proposal.

"It's dreadful to be poor," said I, leaning forward.
"Terrible," she assented, with great cheerfulness.
I glanced at her; she glanced at me. Then we gazed at our respective feet for a few minutes. Of course, her feet in their little white slippers were worthy of attention, even the owner's.
"Do you think we should go back to the dancing?" I asked.
"No," she said.
"So do I," I agreed, without moving.
"Which dance is this?"
"No idea. Let's wait till it finishes."

"Very well."
"Are you engaged to — for the next dance?" I asked.
"No, I don't think so."

"May I have it?"
"I don't—oh, yes, if you wish."

"Thank you. You are very kind to—er—me."

"None at all."

"Ah, you don't know what it means to me. I've been looking forward to this for weeks now."

"I thought you didn't much care for dancing."

"This isn't exactly dancing, is it?"
"No, both smiling faintly, and a silence followed."

"Your sister May is to be married in the spring?" I said, merely for the sake of saying something.

"Yes, she is," she said, and then she looked at me, and I saw that she was not at all sure of her ground.

"Henderson's a lucky fellow. He seems to get everything he desires—a sweet girl and a fortune to help to make her happy."

"But I think the nicest part of it all is that Jack Henderson was quite poor when he fell in love with May and got engaged to her."

"It was very brave of May."

"It is only natural and right. And, of course, father and mother believed in Jack."

"The last remark somehow chilled me. With a fortune in her hand being able to inspire people with confidence in one's abilities. I can't do it," I said, a trifle bitterly.

"I tell she was looking at me, but I did not dare to raise my eyes."

"Perhaps you haven't tried. If you haven't confidence in yourself you can't inspire it in other people, can you?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm not quite so limp as all that. I don't despair of ultimate success, but I often fear it will come too late."

"Don't—don't ever be afraid of that."

"Why?" I demanded.

"Oh, because—because—" she stopped, and a flush rose on her cheek.

"Suppose," said I, "that a man has a great desire, and no immediate means of attaining it?"

"Then the man must have patience."

"Yes, and when with patience the means of attaining the desire are won, and the desire is attained, what then?"

"And he is justly punished."

"Indeed! For what, pray?"

"For letting his desire be taken away."

"What good heaven! You talk as if a man's desire could be taken away."

"Father says the world would stop if there were no credit," she observed gravely.

"Not to poor men does that apply."

"I thought credit was meant for people who had money in their hands and hands, though none in their pockets."

"Do you know what you are saying?" I asked, breathlessly.

"I'm awfully silly, am I not?" she returned with a blush that changed to a smile. "I don't think I'm so silly."

"Do you know what you are saying?" I asked, breathlessly.

"What was it?" she said reflectively.

"Oh, don't—don't look at me like that!"

"I'll answer me."

"Oh, please let me go."

"Not until you answer—oh, my dear!"

"Answer my question and take your freedom."

There was a long silence, then, "Answer!" I said again.

"Never," she whispered with a little sob.

And so I kissed her.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The court at Kinsler is now working for a jury for the trial of Walcher, Mrs. Nation and her husband once lived in Oklahoma, where Mr. Nation practiced law.

The senate has passed a bill which knocks out the Christian Scientists and the disbelievers.

Is it fatal? It would seem that there would be some consolation of the story if it is.

Freeman Miller is having a hard time. It is openly denied that his apostrophe to the long-horn steer is poetry.

By reference to a committee Clifton's bill providing for the treatment of habitual drunkards at public expense has been killed.

President Bellamy is said to be one of the coming rich men of Oklahoma. He is now worth, according to rumor, about \$20,000.

Arkmore is the largest town in the Indian territory, having 8,000 people; Muskogee is next, with 4,500; Chickasha next, with 2,500.

A couple of Oklahoma men were heavily fined at Kansas City the other day for writing the same lines on the walls of the federal building.

Denita Flynn indignantly denies that he plays golf. He says he never saw a golf-club in his life, and he wouldn't know a golf-club's handle from a golf-club's head.

Wichita will show the Oklahoma cattlemen and the Oklahoma legislators and the Oklahoma generally a warm time in 1902—and incidentally a much warmer town.

The bill before the legislature prohibiting the giving of railroad passes, died with a look of calm resignation on its face. The committee hit it with an unfavorable report.

A man out in Beaver county the other day drove twenty miles for a drink, only to find that his neighbor of whom he was going to borrow it, had just hitched up to call on him for the same purpose.

Senator Wooten's bill for the introduction of a man to inspect the beer at every wholesale depot, through deputies, the deputies to receive \$50 a year each; the inspector himself to receive \$100 a year. The revenue for this is to be raised by a tax of two cents a gallon on every gallon of beer or other malt liquor in the territory.

At Canadian, Texas, in the store of the Bryon McCombs company an old gun barrel has been used for years as a poker.

The other day the negro janitor was poking the fire with it, when it went off, the bullet striking Robert P. Turner, a bystander, without seriously injuring him. The people think that the gun had been loaded all these years.

The chances are that somebody had loaded it the day before.

Loomisher, the blind man who was found dead in Indiana, the other day, supposed to have been murdered, was once indicted for the murder of his wife and little girl in Indiana. They were found at home literally hacked to pieces.

Loomisher was covered with blood, which he explained he got on him while groping about after the murder. Loomisher had his wife injured, but whether he ever collected the insurance or not is unknown. His case never came to trial. If Loomisher did murder his wife and afterward commit suicide, or was killed by some X-murder, he was a most ferocious character, all in all, than Dickens ever created.

Child Eagle, Ben Faxon, our French abstractor, has received the joyful news that the old Faxon estate in County Limerick, Ireland, is to be divided up among the heirs, of whom he is one. The estate embraces about three-sevenths of an acre, mostly rich past land, but with some hard-rough. It is to be divided equally among the three Fagons, who are estimated to number not much in excess of 20,000. One-half of the land is understood to be under fence, and one of the finest houses in County Limerick is on an adjoining estate. Though the estate is in Ireland, all the Fagons are pure French, as the original Fagon, who founded the estate, was a French nobleman, by means of a marriage which the latter held on the land referred to. The mortgage was cleared up by Ben's great grandfather, however, with the proceeds of only seventeen annual crops of potatoes. Congratulations mailed to Ben, general delivery, Enid, will reach him.

Along the Kansas Nile.

Mrs. Nation has worn the same old drizzly dress during all her recent experience.

There is evidence that King Edward VII thinks that Kansas is a province somewhere in Australia.

Mrs. Nation has really but one serious fear—and that the most common fear among the inmates of being poisoned.

Mrs. Nation says her grandson in Chicago, who is in a prominent position, is to throw up his job and come to Kansas.

Some one has started the funny story that Mr. Nation says that he will use his wife for divorce unless she comes home.

The traveling medicine men have a petition before the legislature asking a law giving thrashers a lien on grain threshed.

Heaven, but the Kansas legislature could not have been so stupid as to pass a law giving thrashers a lien on grain threshed.

Chief Justice Dorsey made a speech at a banquet in Topeka Thursday night, the second time in his life he ever responded to a toast.

A bill has been introduced in the Kansas legislature providing a heavy fine and imprisonment for anyone on whom is found burglar tools.

A bill has been introduced in the house at Topeka prohibiting corporations from discharging employees on the reports of detectives and spotters.

Concordia was the only Kansas town this year to put in a bill for the establishment of a new Normal school. The bill was successful.

In its final appropriation of \$100,000 for the completion of the State house, the legislature requires the contractor to bind himself really to complete it.

Mr. George Feltman, member of the Kansas legislature, one of the finest on wheels. She is going to California.

Mrs. Nation was stranded in Chicago, and it was not long before the newspaper gave her for an article and would have had difficulty in getting back to Kansas.

On a Topeka street Mr. Nation secured work three society women staidly dressed returning from a fashionable reception. Mrs. Nation eyed them and exclaimed: "Oh, women, women, how much money you spend on your poor, despicable bodies!"

The Kansas in Washington, were to put up money for fireworks for the use of the Topeka Flambeau club in the national parade. They refuse to do it. The national committee also refuses to pay the fireworks and the Topeka club will have to buy its own Roman candles.

A man in court at Atlanta has just had an experience which will turn him gray. Because the floods had washed his bridge away the Rock Island car winter used the Union Pacific tracks between Atlanta and Dallas. This man was not under a Rock Island train and was killed. Thereupon he sued the Rock Island for damages. But the court was shown that the tracks of a fellow which the Union Pacific should have built across the river, and the man was dismissed.

Abraham Glaser, in connection with the statement that John Brown began his career at Oklawaha, and that Mrs. Carrie Nation will have done it the purpose, it is being said that John Brown was called "Oklawaha Brown."

D. W. Miller says concerning the statement that the Kansas legislature will pass a law giving thrashers a lien on grain threshed, and the way the farm boys of Kansas it was a fine Kansas law, started by...

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THREE FOR A CENT.

A laboring man thirty-eight years of age, living in Deer Harbor, San Juan County, Washington, has found a way to save an occasional dollar on a very necessary purchase. "I have suffered," he says, "for years with sick headache and constipation. Last spring I sent for one dozen of the five-cent cartons of Ripans Tablets, and they have done me more good than anything else I have ever tried. I shall continue their use." They cost him less than half a cent a dose.

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